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ISSUE  
#3

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# ASSASSIN'S CREED® VALHALLA

FORGOTTEN MYTHS



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# ASSASSIN'S CREED® VALHALLA

FORGOTTEN MYTHS  
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## NORSE GOD BALDR

prepares to help lead the dwarves in a defense against the Fire giants knocking at their gates! His fate, and the fate of The Nine Realms, is now entwined with the outcome of the impending war.

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THE WARS OF HUMANITY ARE BUT A SHADOW OF THE CONFLICTS OF GODS.

SWORDS AND RIFLES ARE METAPHORS FOR SOMETHING GREATER--SOMETHING MORE TERRIBLE AND GLORIOUS.

THE MUSPEL HORDE RIPPED THROUGH SVARTALFHEIM AND MET THE REALM'S DEFENDERS IN A NAMELESS VALLEY.

WOULD YOU LET AN ÆSIR YOUTH OUTSHINE YOU?

WOULD YOU LET A MUSPEL WHO SLIPS PAST HIM SLIP PAST YOU?

FOR SVARTALFHEIM!

BALDR HAD NEVER SEEN WAR, BUT HE TOOK TO IT AS A TRUE ÆSIR.

HE LED. HE INSPIRED. AND HE AWAITED WORD FROM HIS FRIEND LOKI, WHOM HE HAD SENT ON A TREACHEROUS QUEST.

BALDR WAS UNAWARE THAT LOKI HAD FOUND A DIFFERENT TASK.

HOW MANY MISTLE-BERRIES SHALL I PICK?

ONE, TWO--

THE DAY'S BATTLE DRAGGED ON. BALDR THE BEAUTIFUL, IMPERVIOUS THOUGH HE WAS, FELT THE ACHE IN HIS MUSCLES.

LOKI HAD SLEPT VERY WELL, WEARING ANY NUMBER OF MASKS.

OH, I'M BUT A POOR REFUGEE.

WOULD THAT I COULD REST AWHILE, BORROW YOUR OVEN, PERHAPS, AND BAKE FOR THE ROAD--

BALDR FOUGHT.

THE SKY!  
THE RAIN COMES!

LOKI COOKED.

AT DAY'S END, BALDR LED HIS WEARY ALLIES BACK TO THE BASTIONS OF THE DWARVES.

--BROUGHT WORD FROM THE SOUTHERN FRONT.

THERE ARE JOTNAR FIGHTING THERE, AS IF THE MUSPELS WEREN'T ENOUGH.

THEY HAD ACHIEVED A VICTORY, OF SORTS, BUT THE PRICE HAD BEEN HIGH.

AMONG THE WOUNDED, BALDR TOLD STORIES, SEEKING TO BRIGHTEN THE SPIRITS OF THE MAIMED AND DYING.

--HAVI SOUGHT THE WELL OF MIMIR, THEN, WHERE HE MIGHT FIND KNOWLEDGE.

ENOUGH...

TELL ME THIS, AESIR.

WILL SVARTALFHEIM STAND?

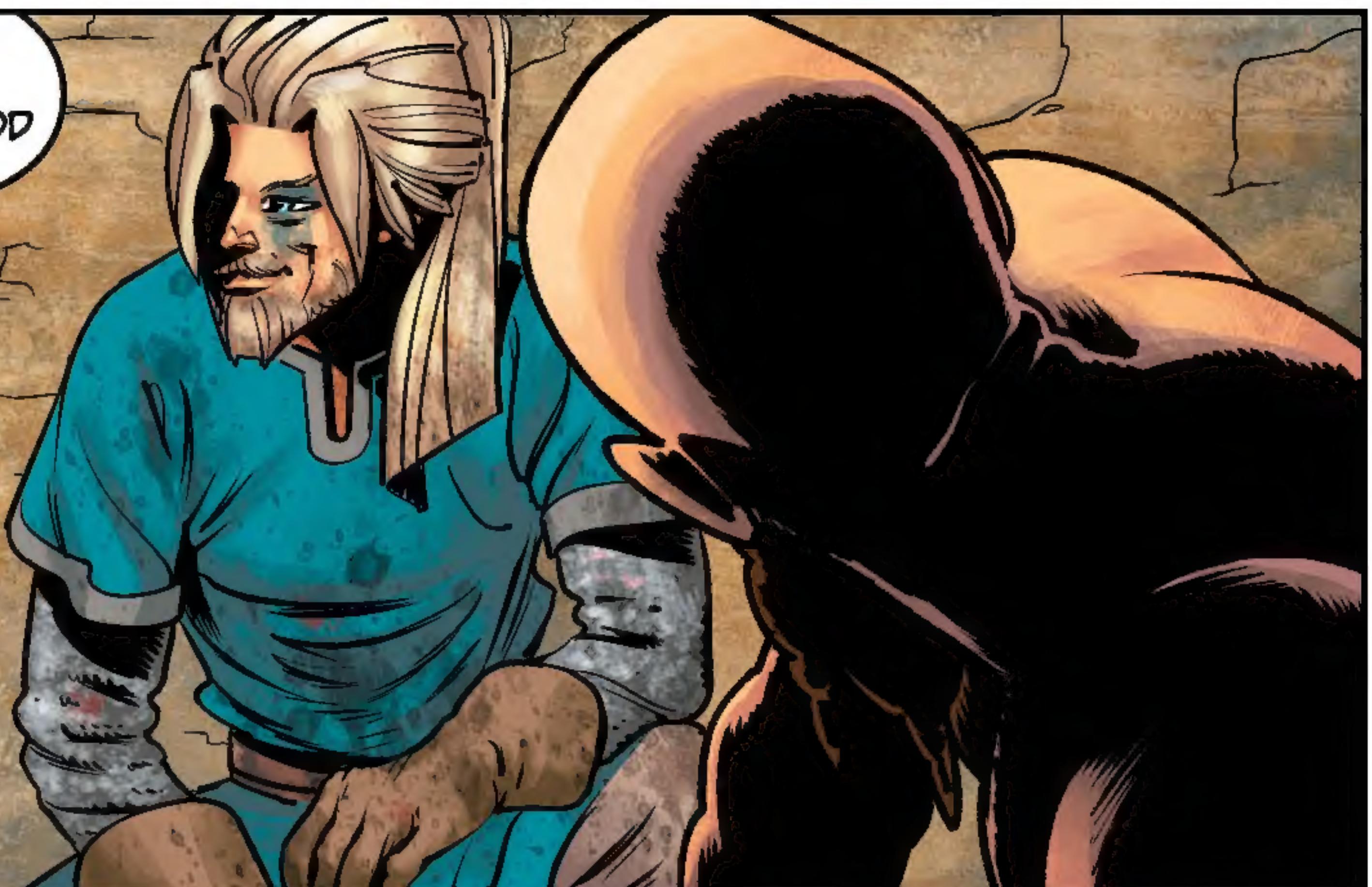
NO OTHER REASSURANCE DO I SEEK.

I DON'T--

I AM NO SEER, AND I LACK THE WISDOM TO SAY.

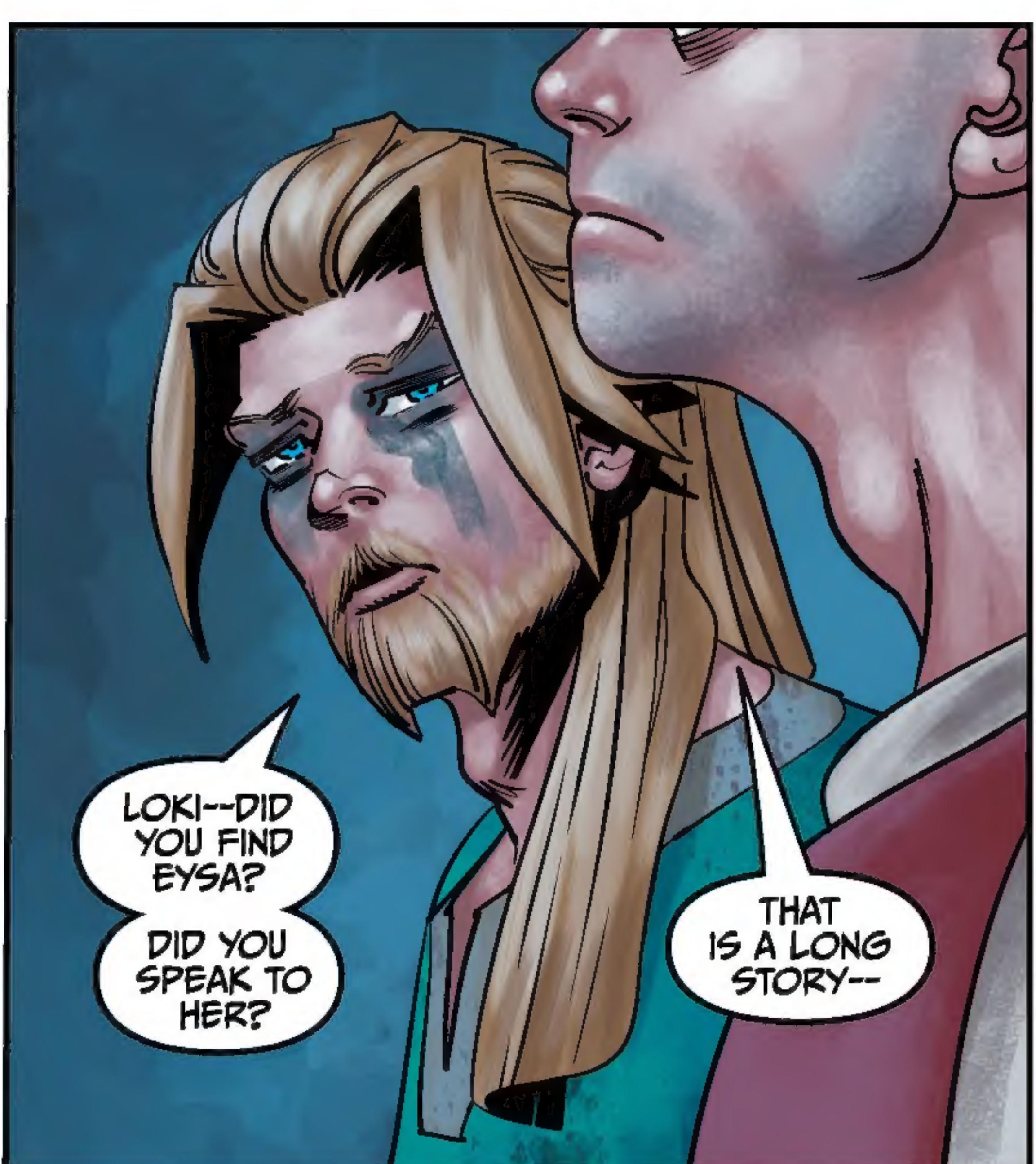
WHO NEEDS A SEER WHEN COMMON SENSE WILL DO?

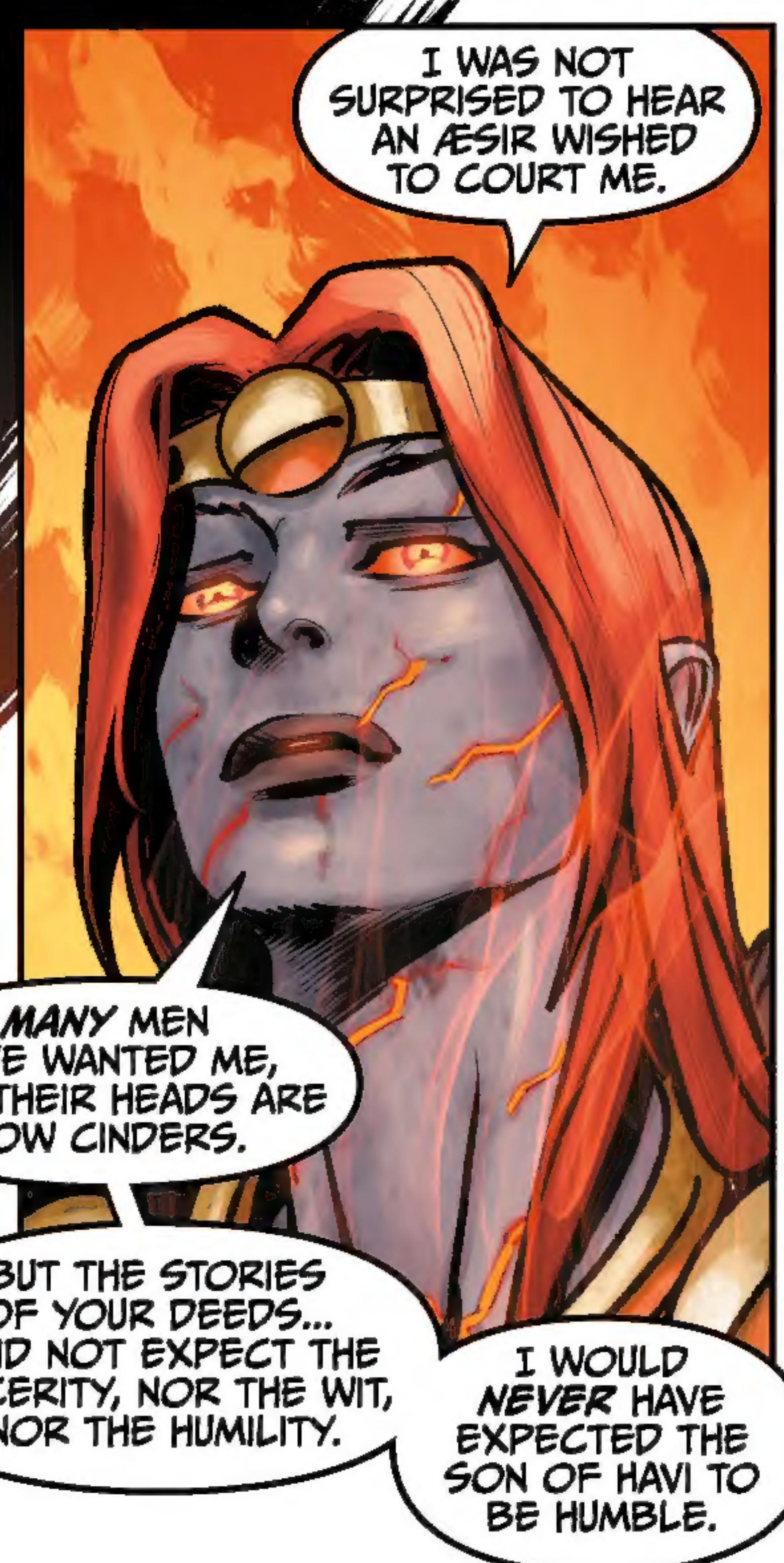
LET ME TELL YOU OF THE MUSPELS, GOOD DWARF--

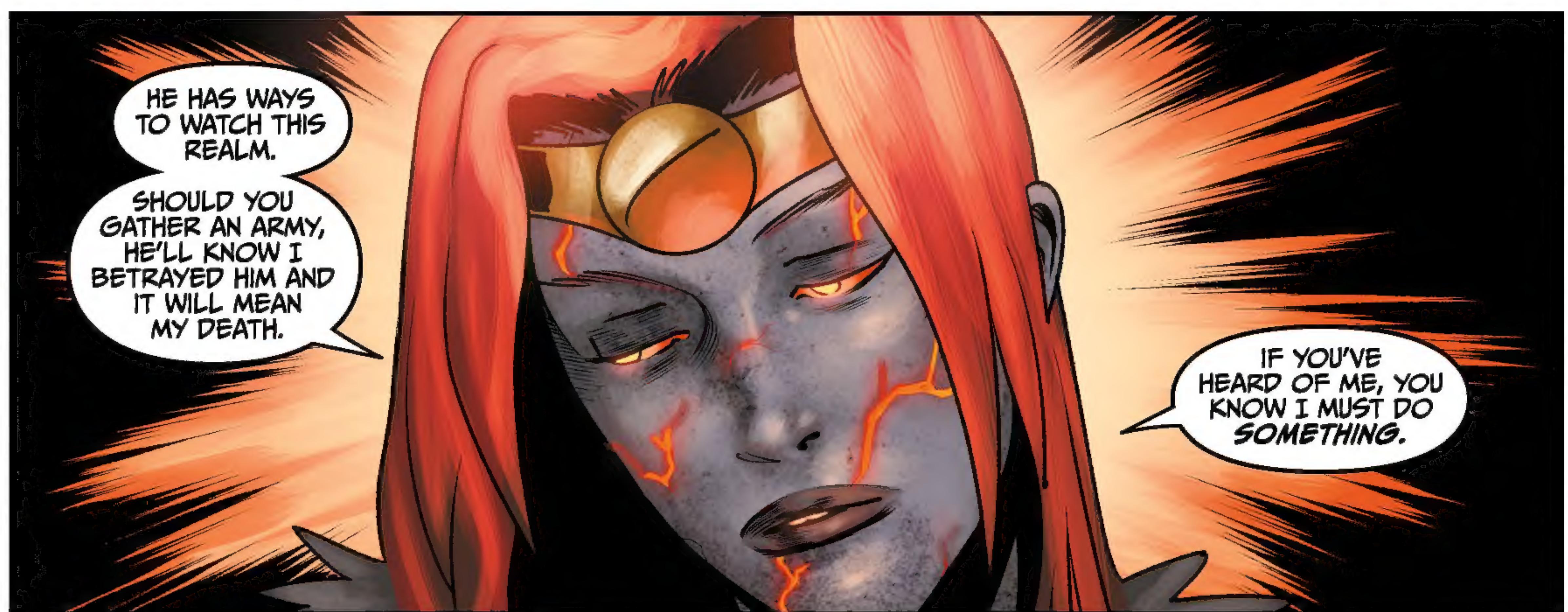
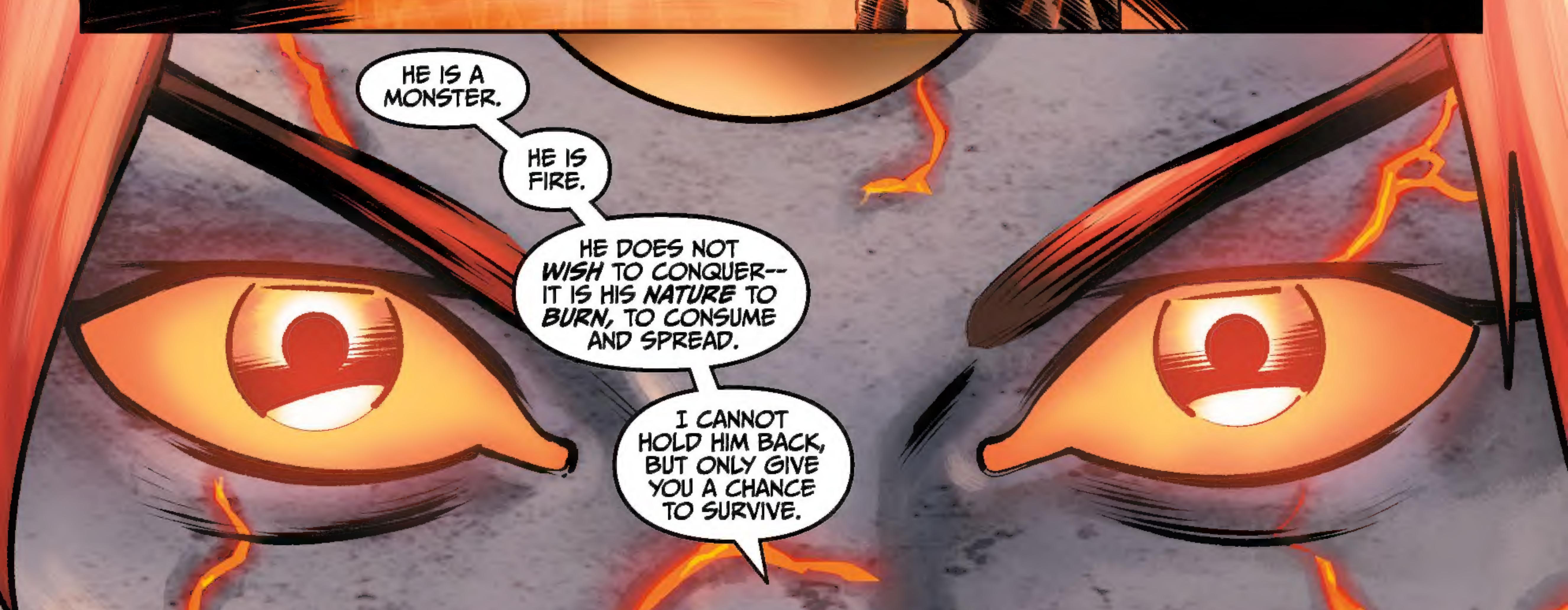
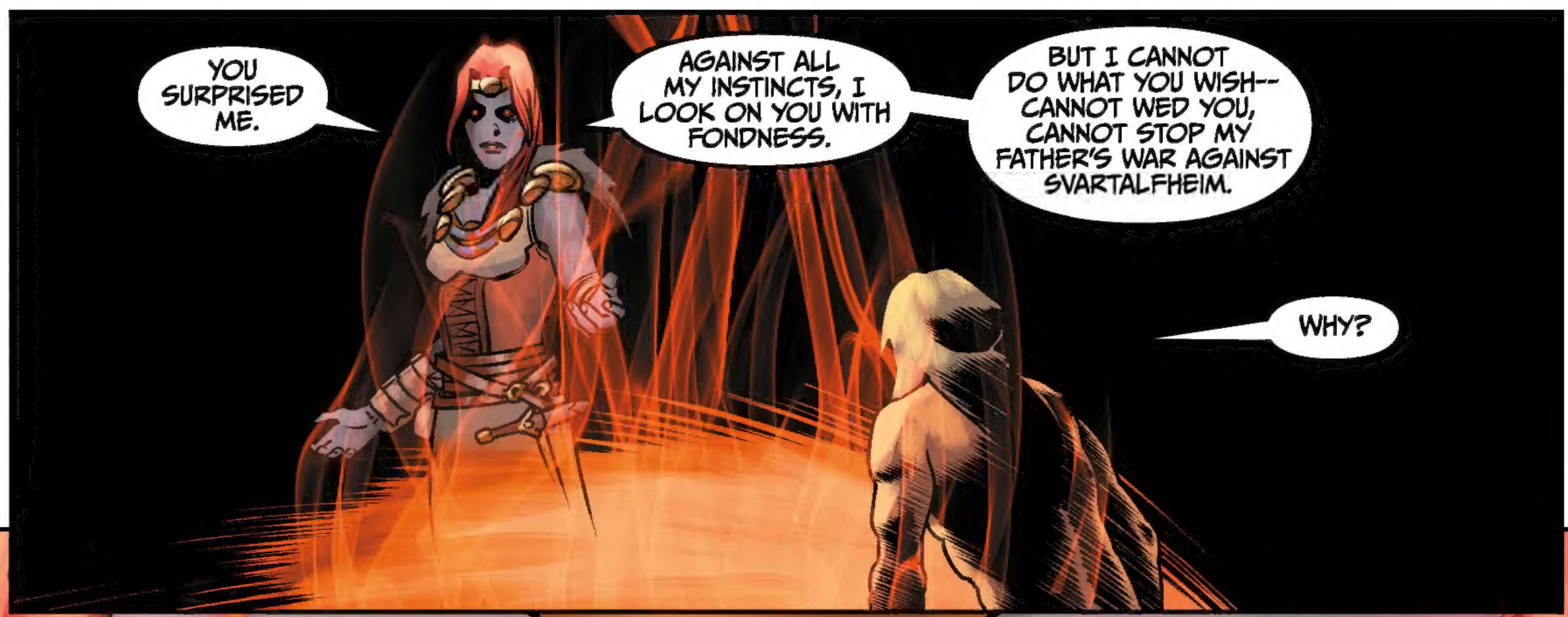


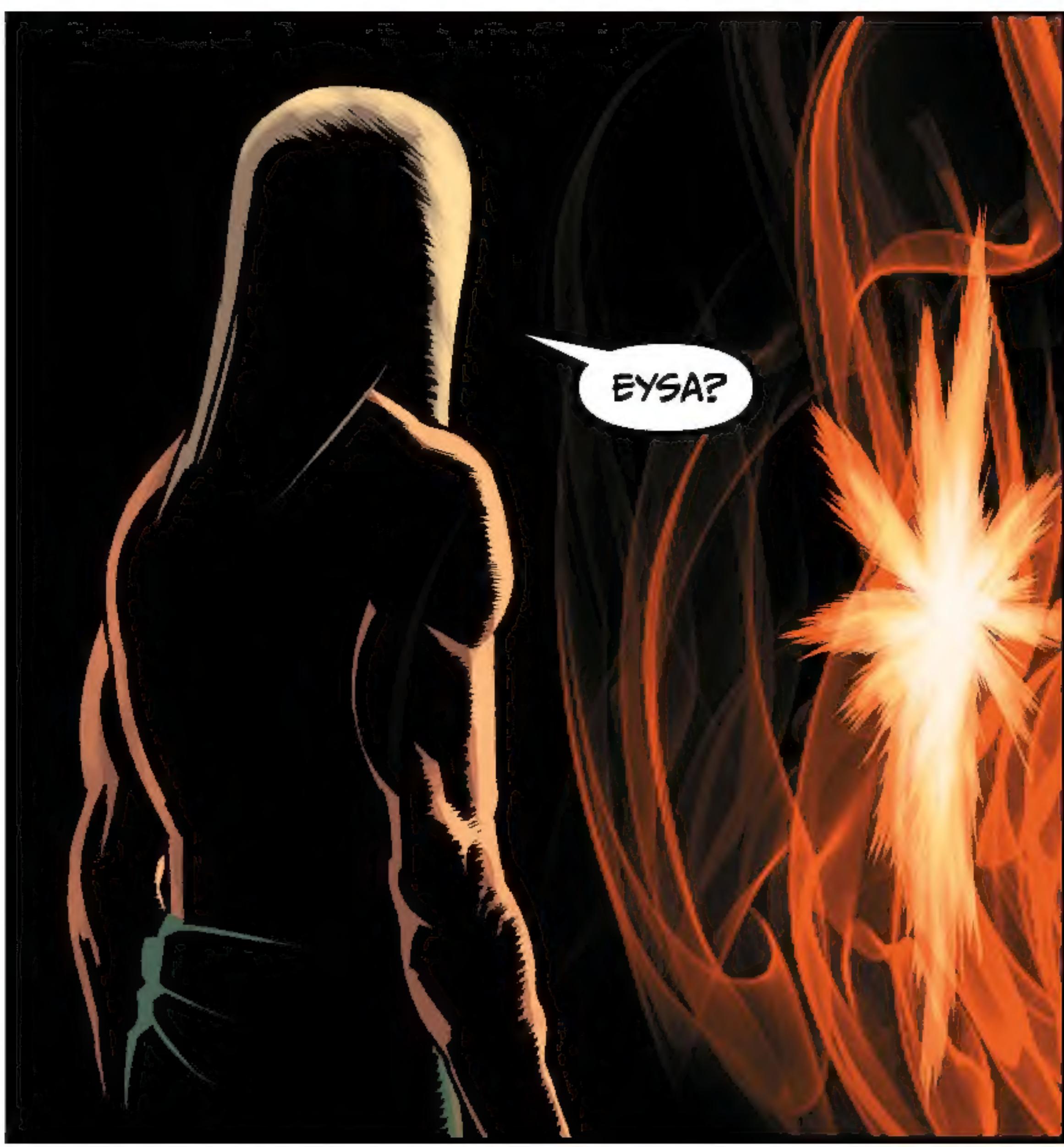
LOKI TOLD A STORY OF  
COWARDLY MUSPELS AND THE  
RAGING FOOLS WHO LED THEM--

--AND THE DWARF LAUGHED,  
THOUGH HIS QUESTION  
WENT UNANSWERED.









IN THE HOURS BEFORE DAWN, BALDR LEFT HIS BED AND REJOINED HIS COMPANION.

THEY SPOKE AS THEY DESCENDED ENDLESS STAIRWELLS INTO HALLS COATED WITH DUST.

--AND ANOTHER REASON THIS IS FOOLISH: THE DWARVES WILL THINK YOU WERE KIDNAPPED!

SPIRITED AWAY BY--WELL, BY THE MUSPEL'S OR ME.

OR THEY'LL THINK YOU A COWARD, WHEN YOU ARE MERELY AN UTTER FOOL FOR BELIEVING YOU CAN FACE SURTR ALONE!

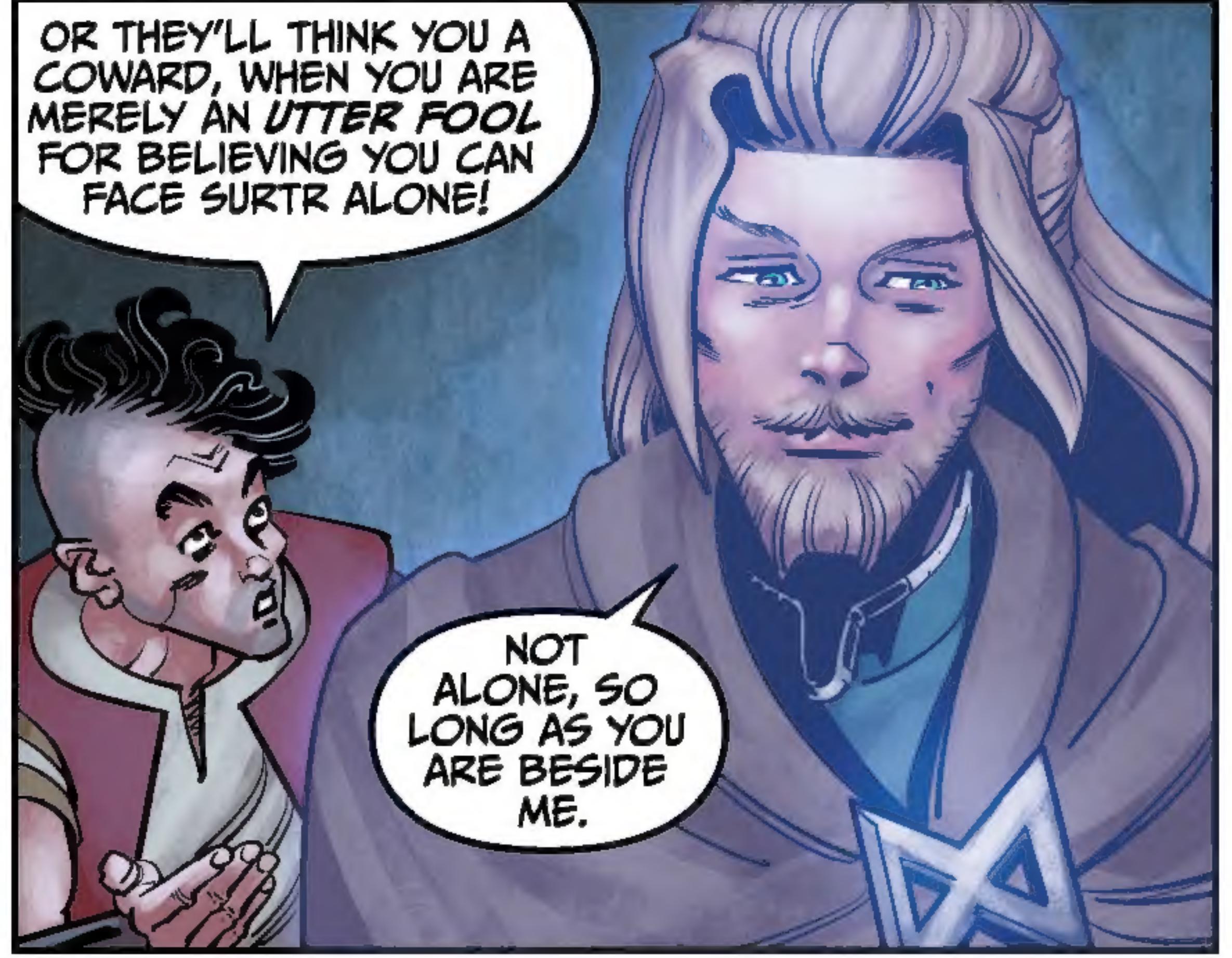
NOT ALONE, SO LONG AS YOU ARE BESIDE ME.

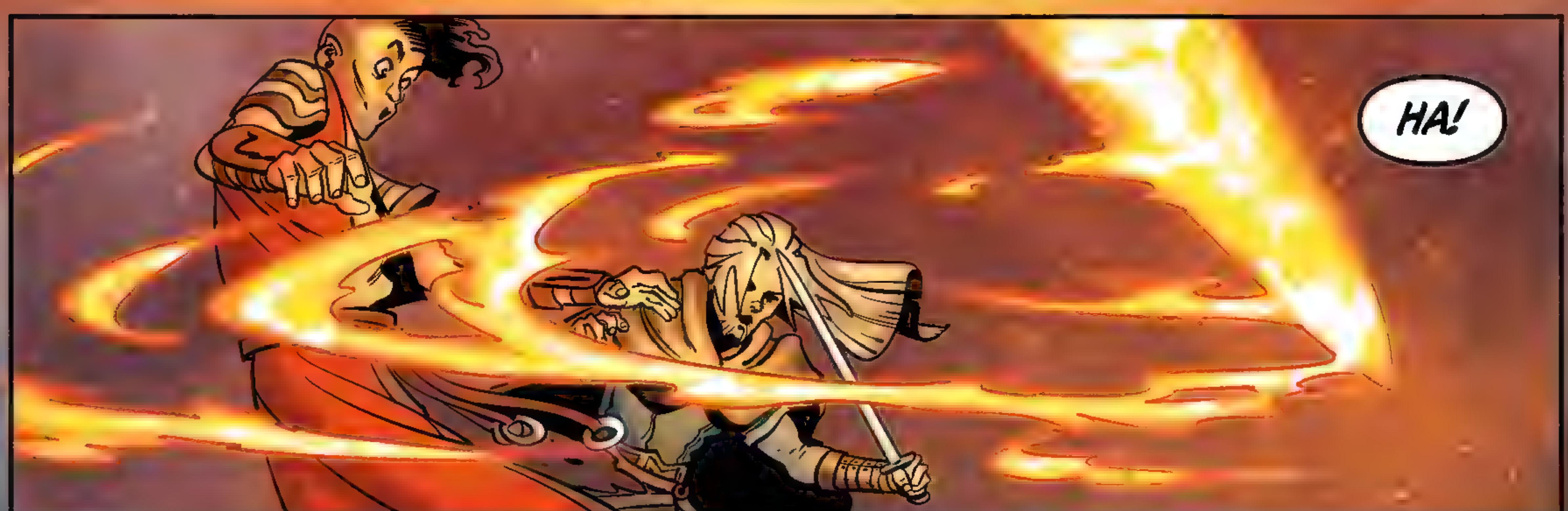
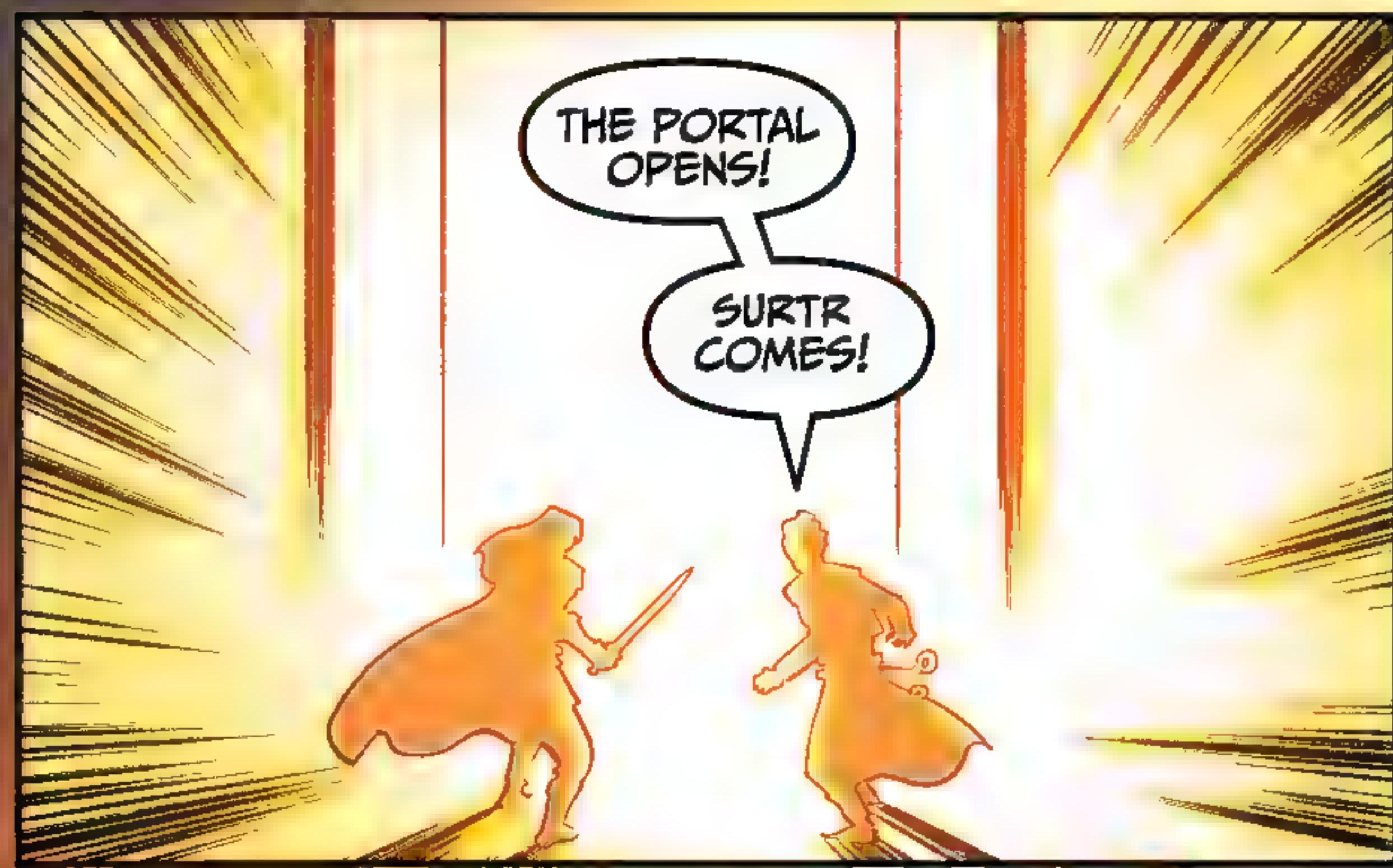
IN TIME, THEY CAME TO WHAT WAS SURELY THE PORTAL TO MUSPELHEIM.

YOU'RE TIRED, BALDR-- YOUR EYES ARE BLOODSHOT.

THE BATTLE DID YOU NO GOOD, BUT YOU LOOK WORSE THAN EVER.

I ADMIT I'VE FELT BETTER.







TRIUMPH APPEARED IMPOSSIBLE.

NO CLEVER TRICK BALDR EMPLOYED WOULD SLOW THE LORD OF MUSPELS.

THOUGH THE INVULNERABLE AESIR DID NOT FEAR DEATH, FATIGUE SLOWED HIM. THIN AIR SAPPED HIS STRENGTH.

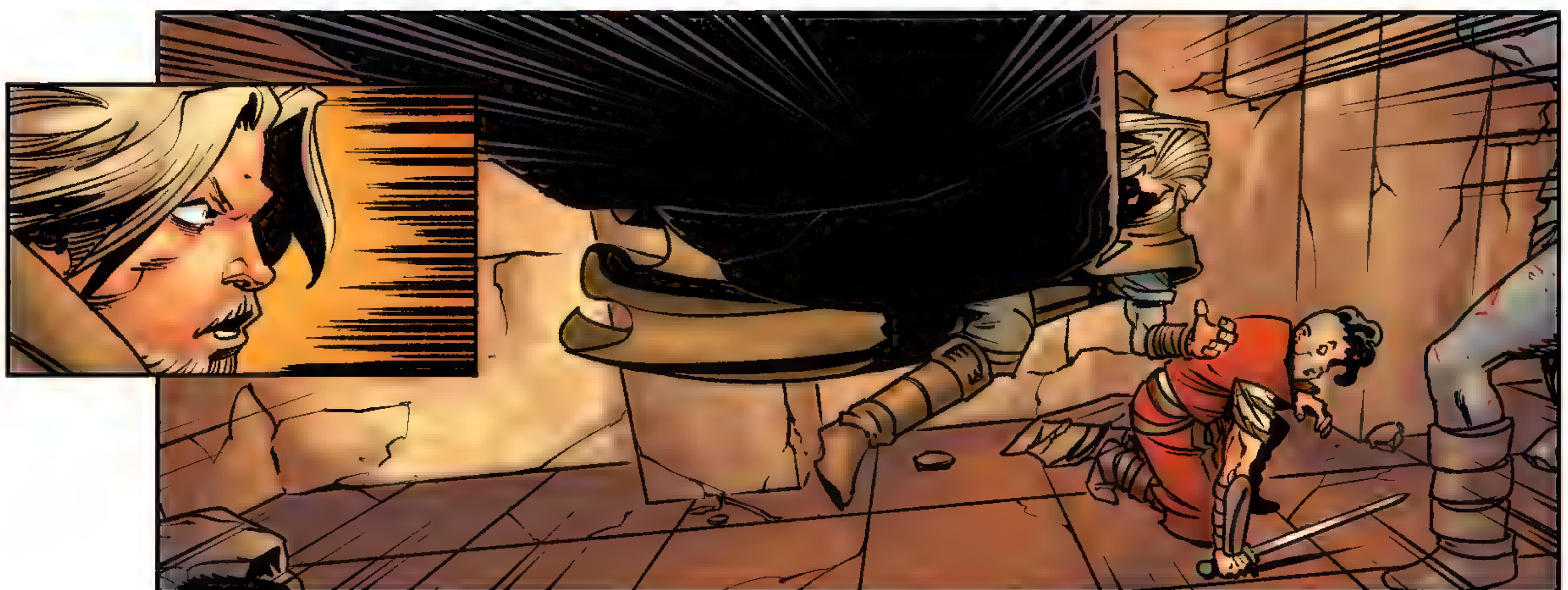
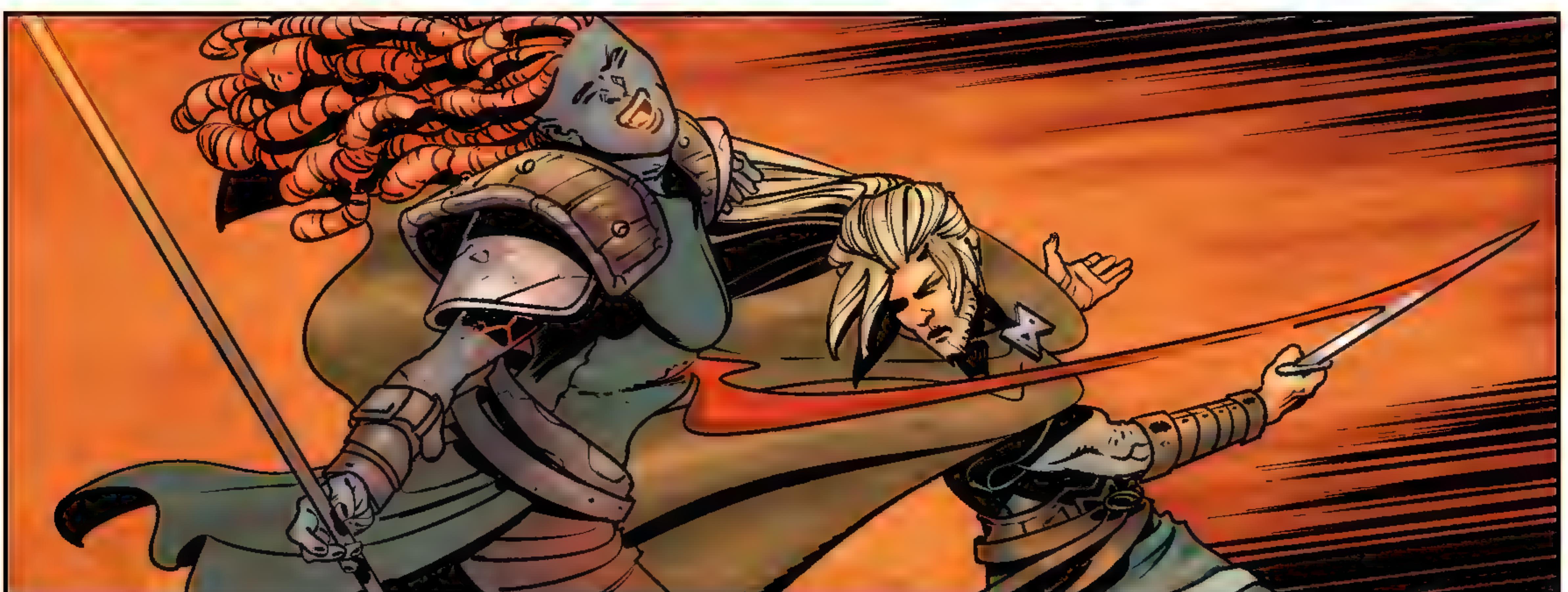
YET SOMEHOW, DESPITE IT ALL--

--BLOW BY BLOW, NOT BY CLEVER FEINT OR GRACEFUL PARRY BUT THROUGH WILL ALONE--

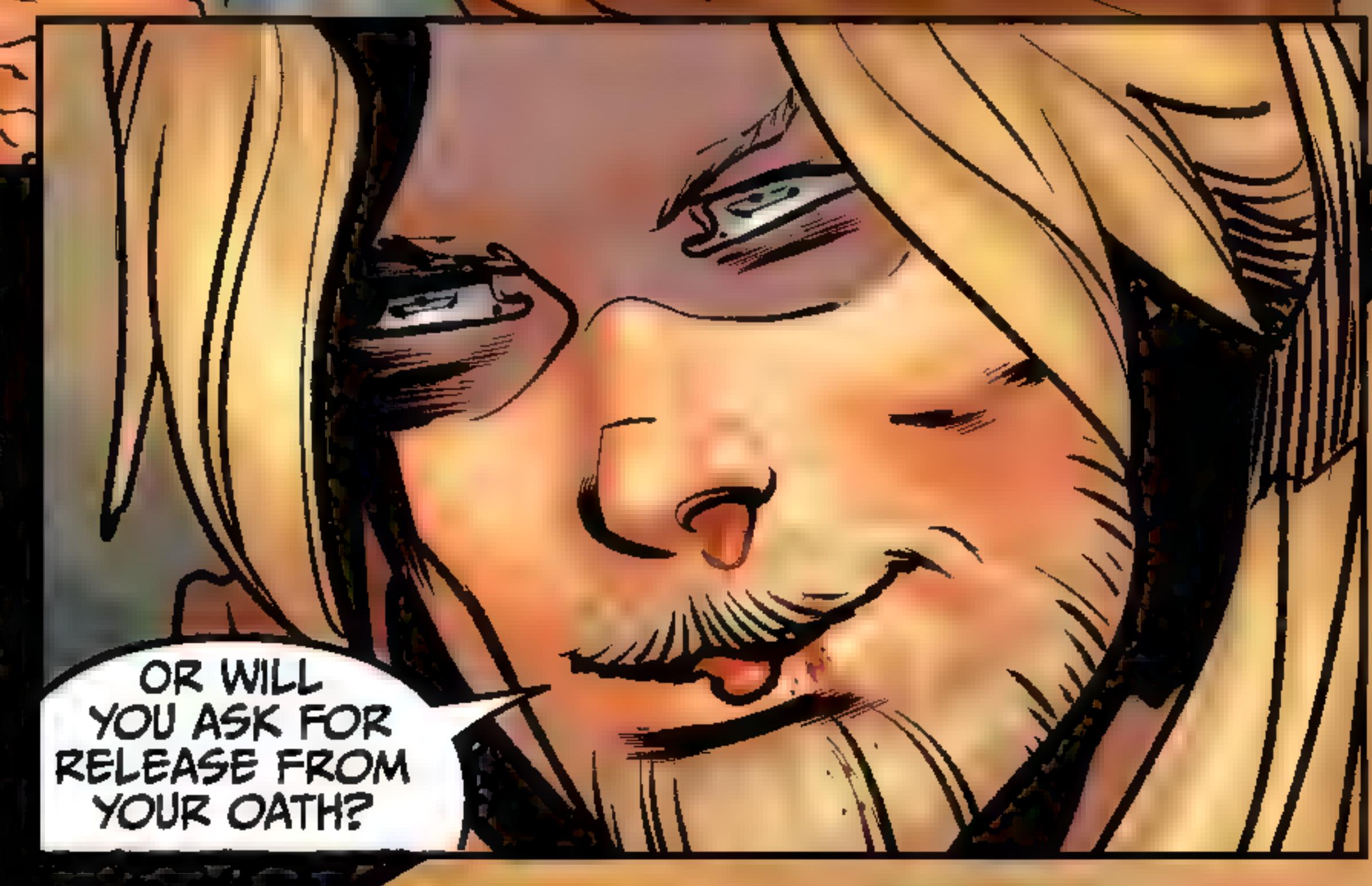
--HE BEGAN TO DRIVE SURTR BACK.

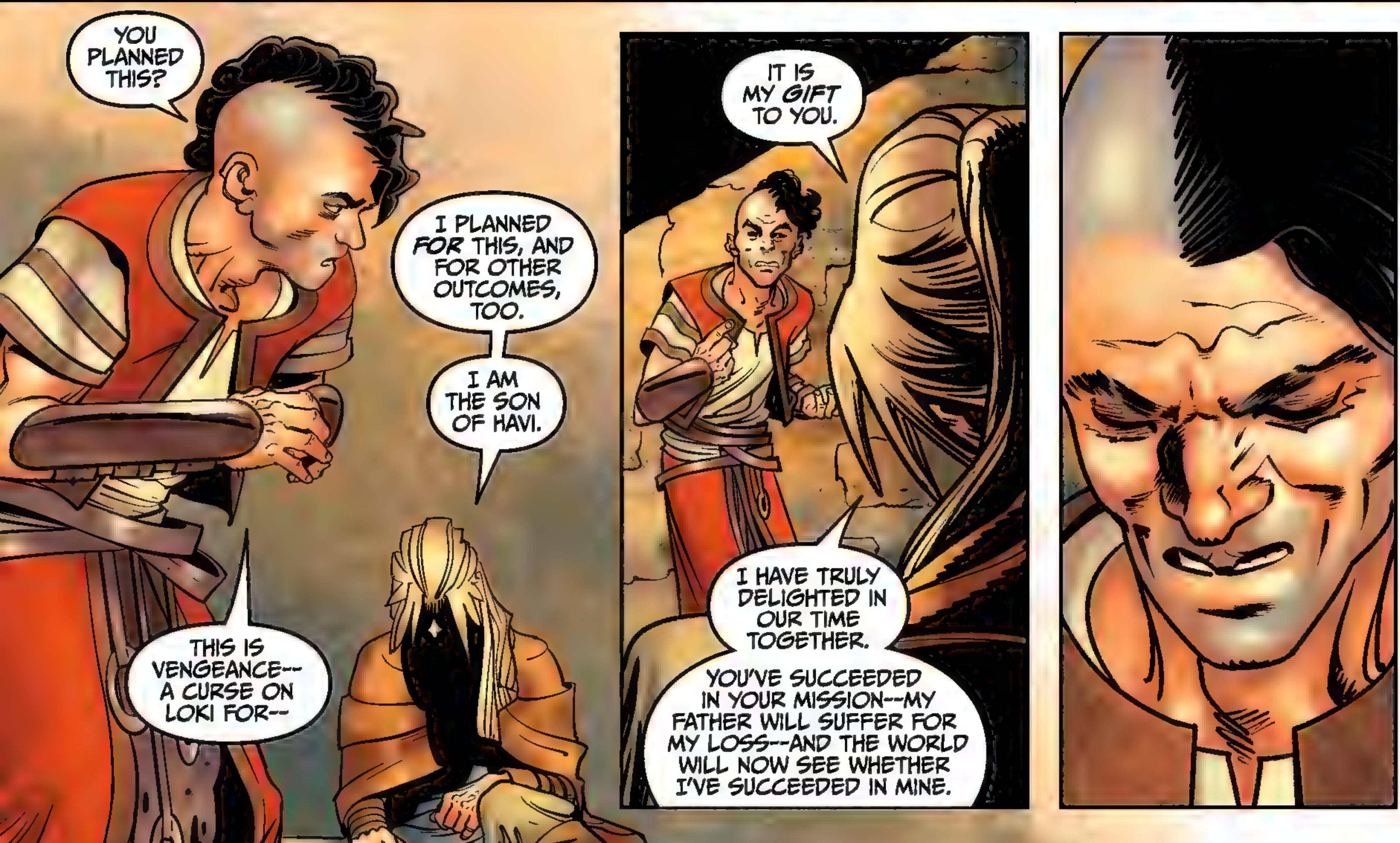
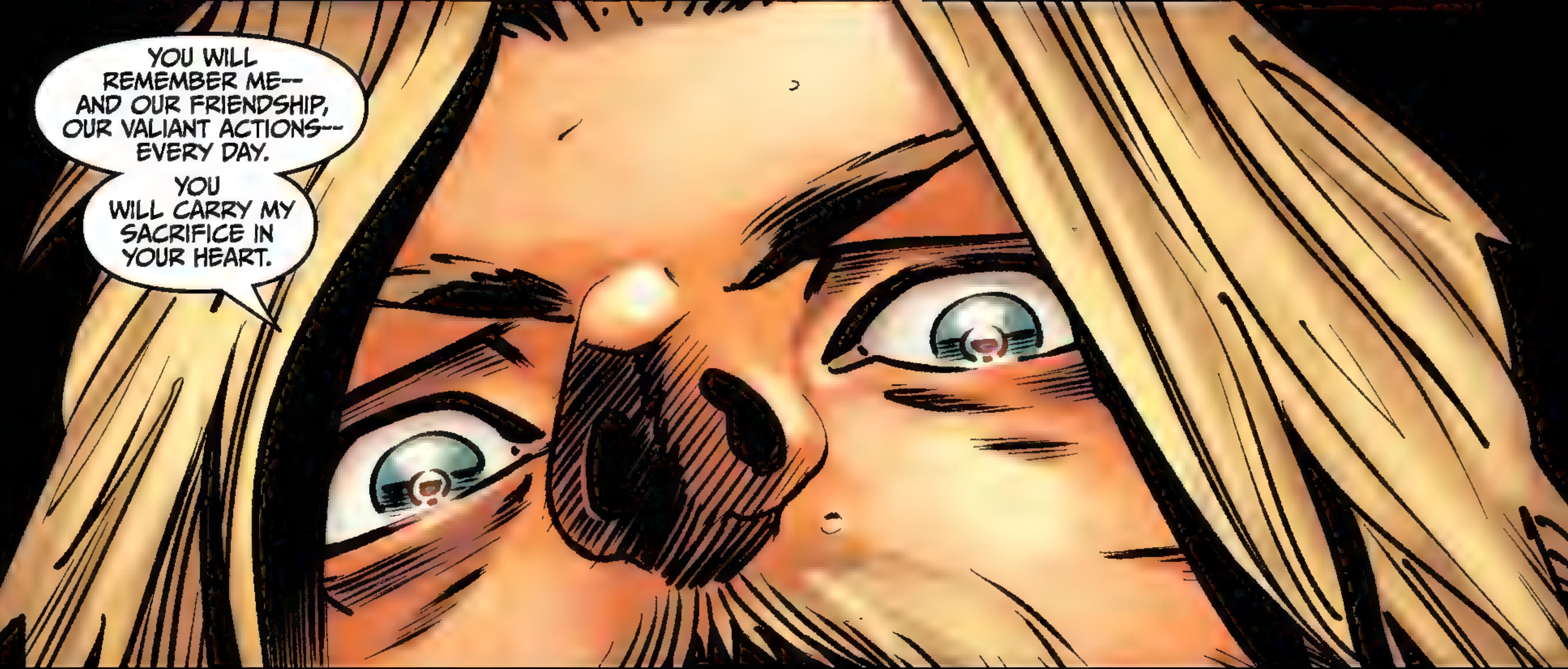
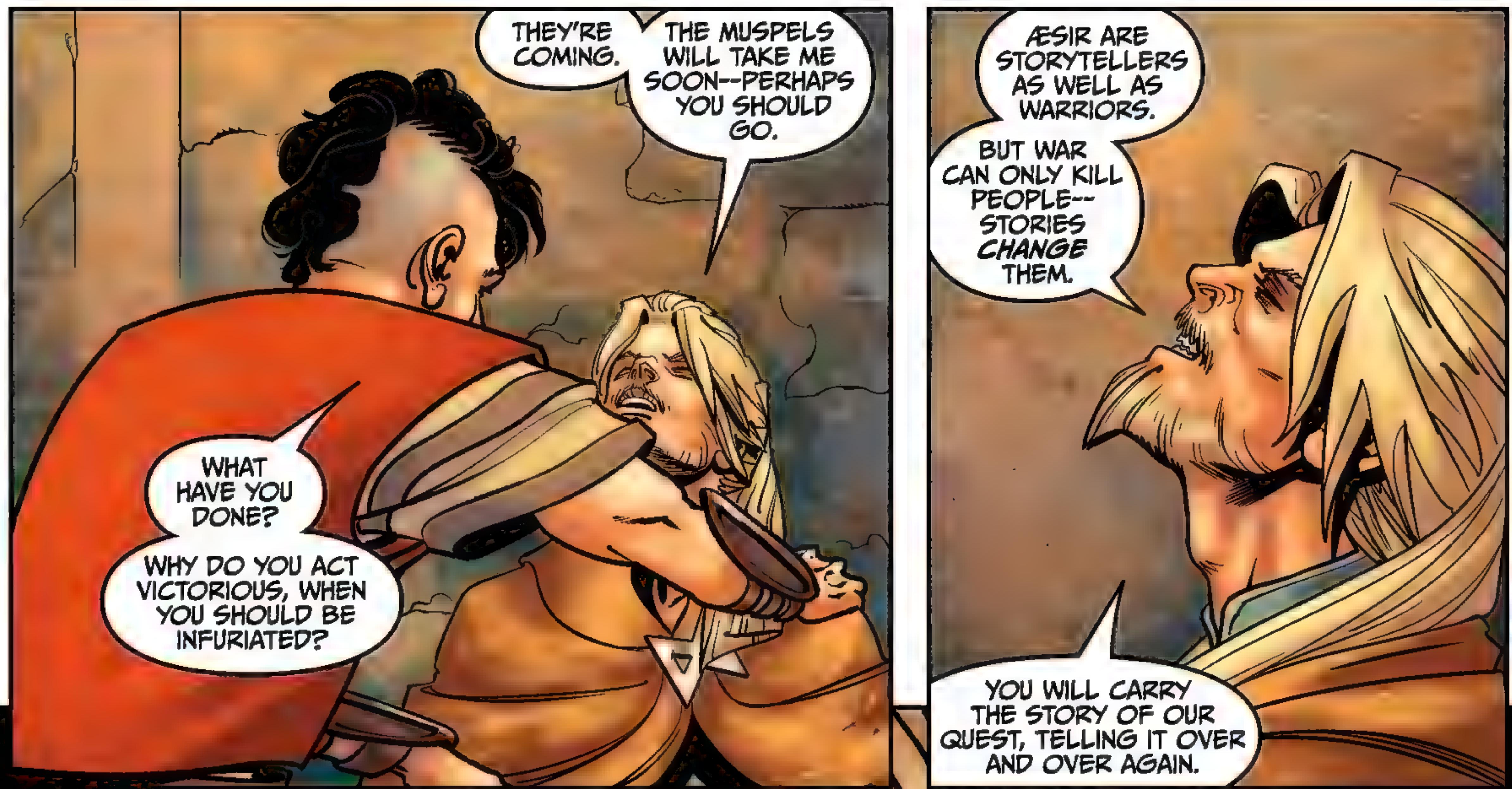
BALDR THE BEAUTIFUL BEGAN TO WIN.

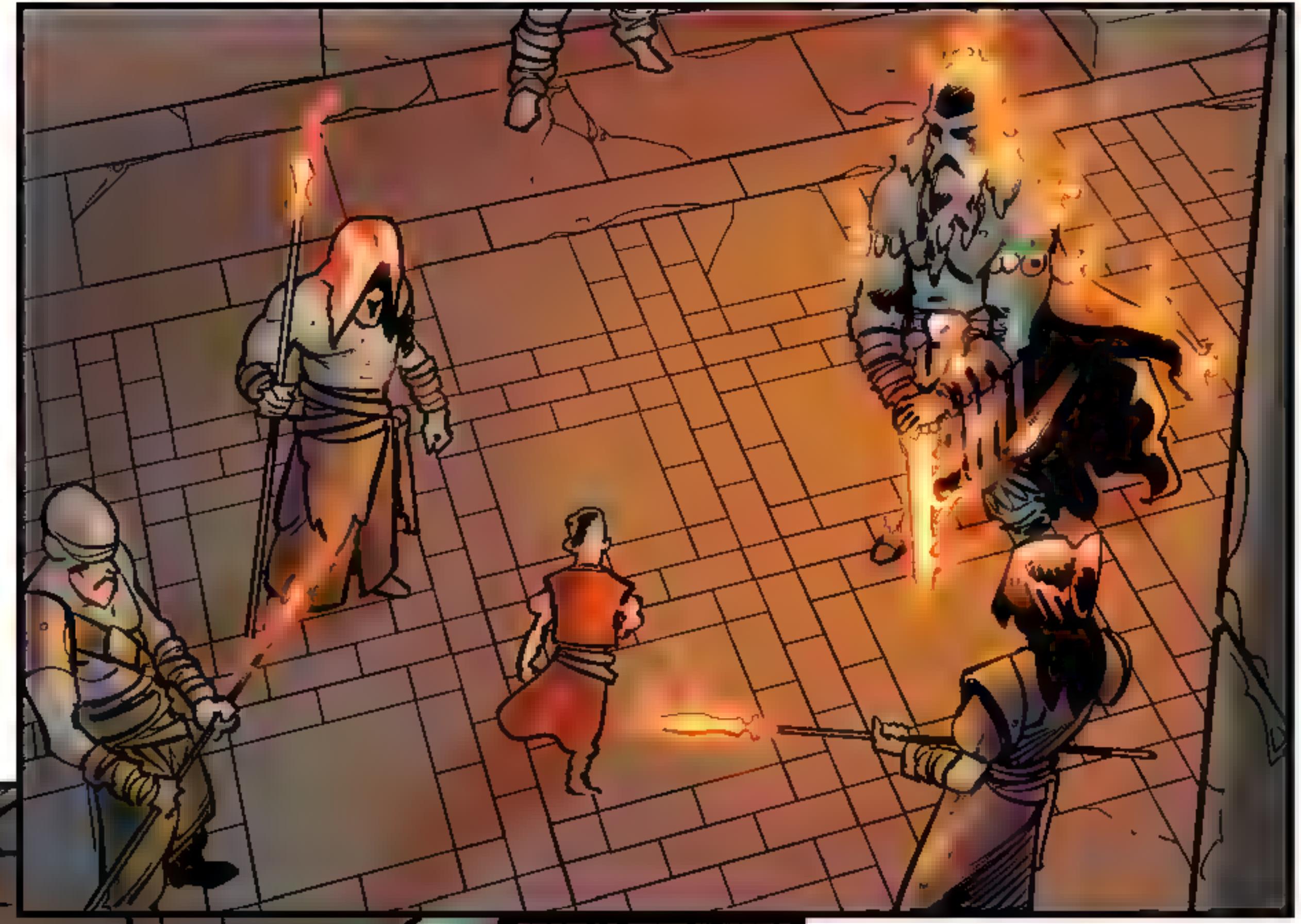
THEN HE LOOKED BACK.











OH, THERE WAS WAR  
AND BLOODSHED STILL  
TO COME. STORIES UPON  
STORIES TO BE TOLD.

WE'VE NOT EVEN TALKED  
ABOUT HAVI'S OWN ROLE.

YET THIS IS THE STORY LOKI  
TOLD THE DAY HE RETURNED  
TO THE REALM OF ASGARD.

WHO KNOWS WHAT WAS  
TRUE? IT CHANGED EACH  
TIME HE TOLD IT IN THE  
DAYS THAT FOLLOWED.

I HAVE  
A TALE FOR  
YOU.

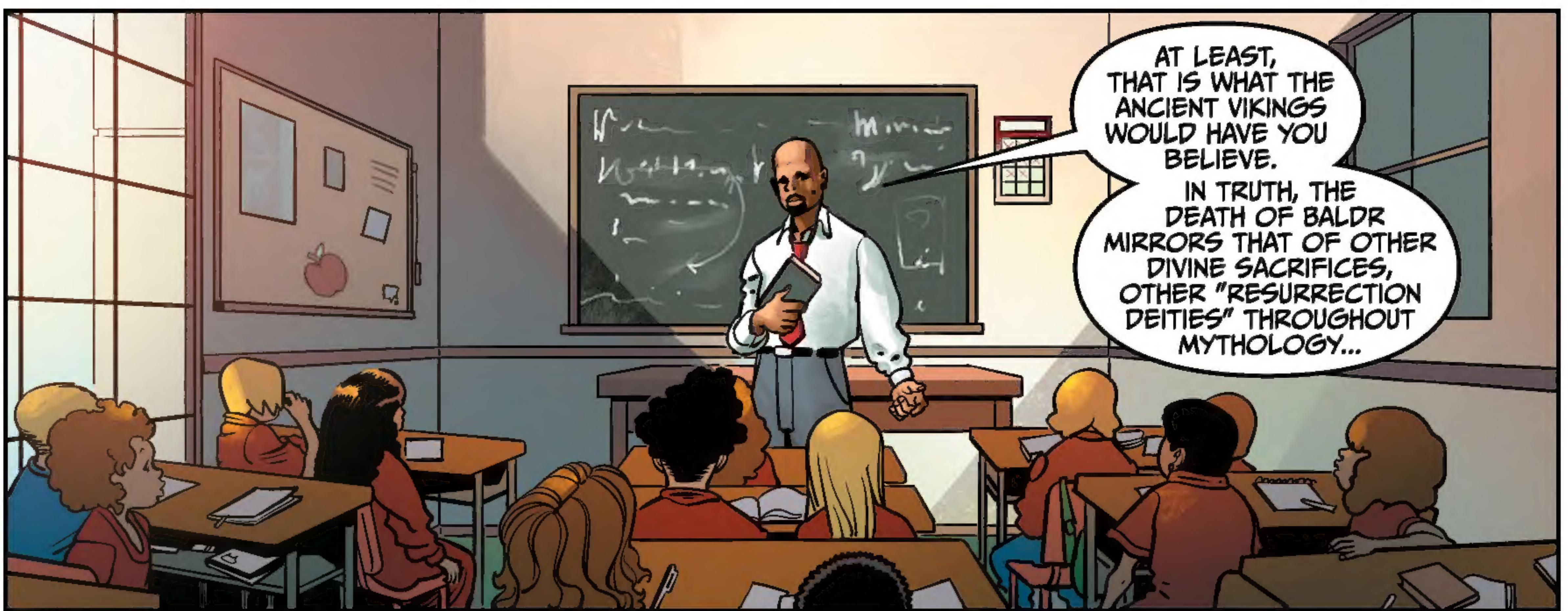
A TALE OF  
LOKI, WHO CLAIMED  
RIGHTEOUS VENGEANCE  
UPON HAVI THROUGH HIS  
HAPLESS SON...

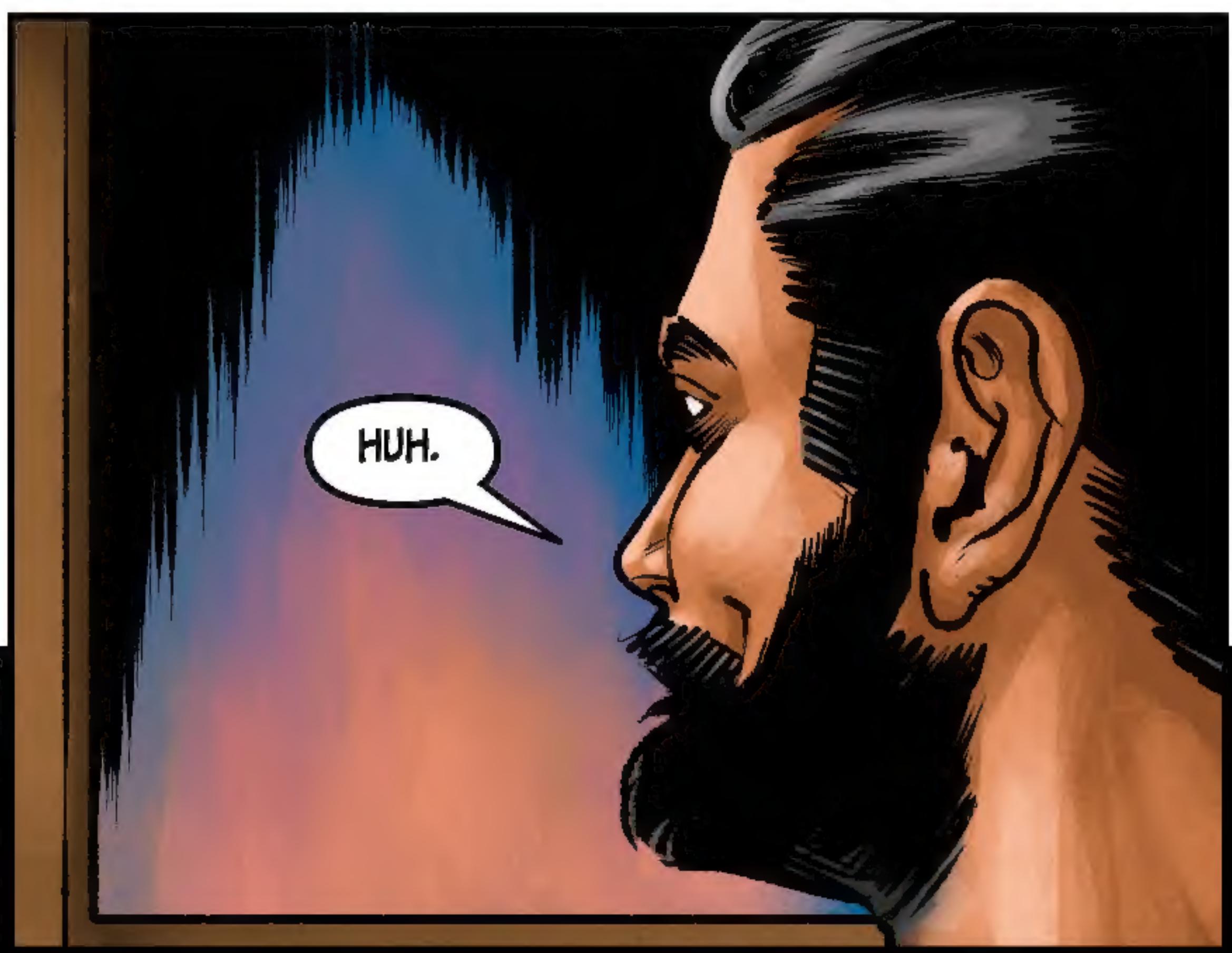
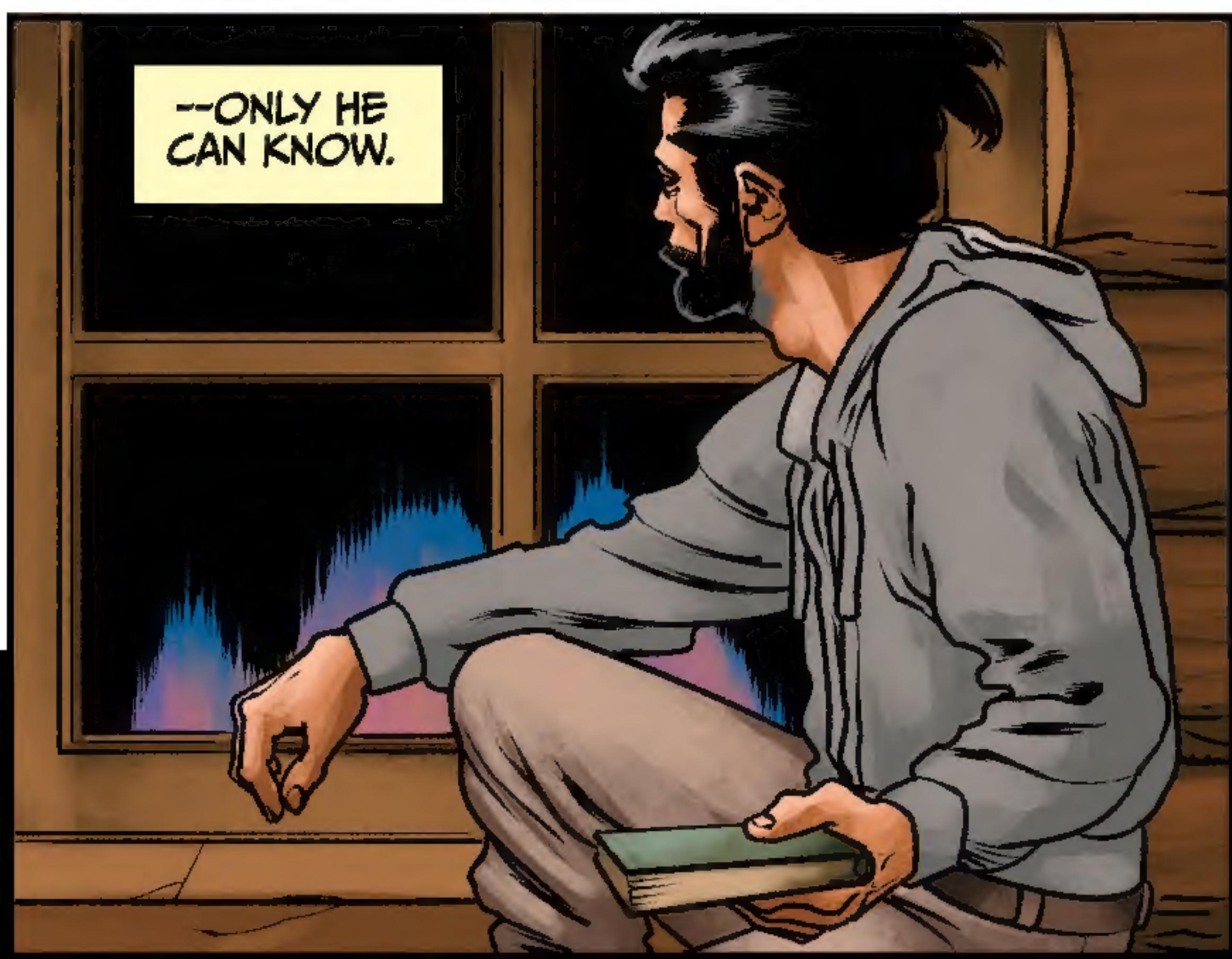
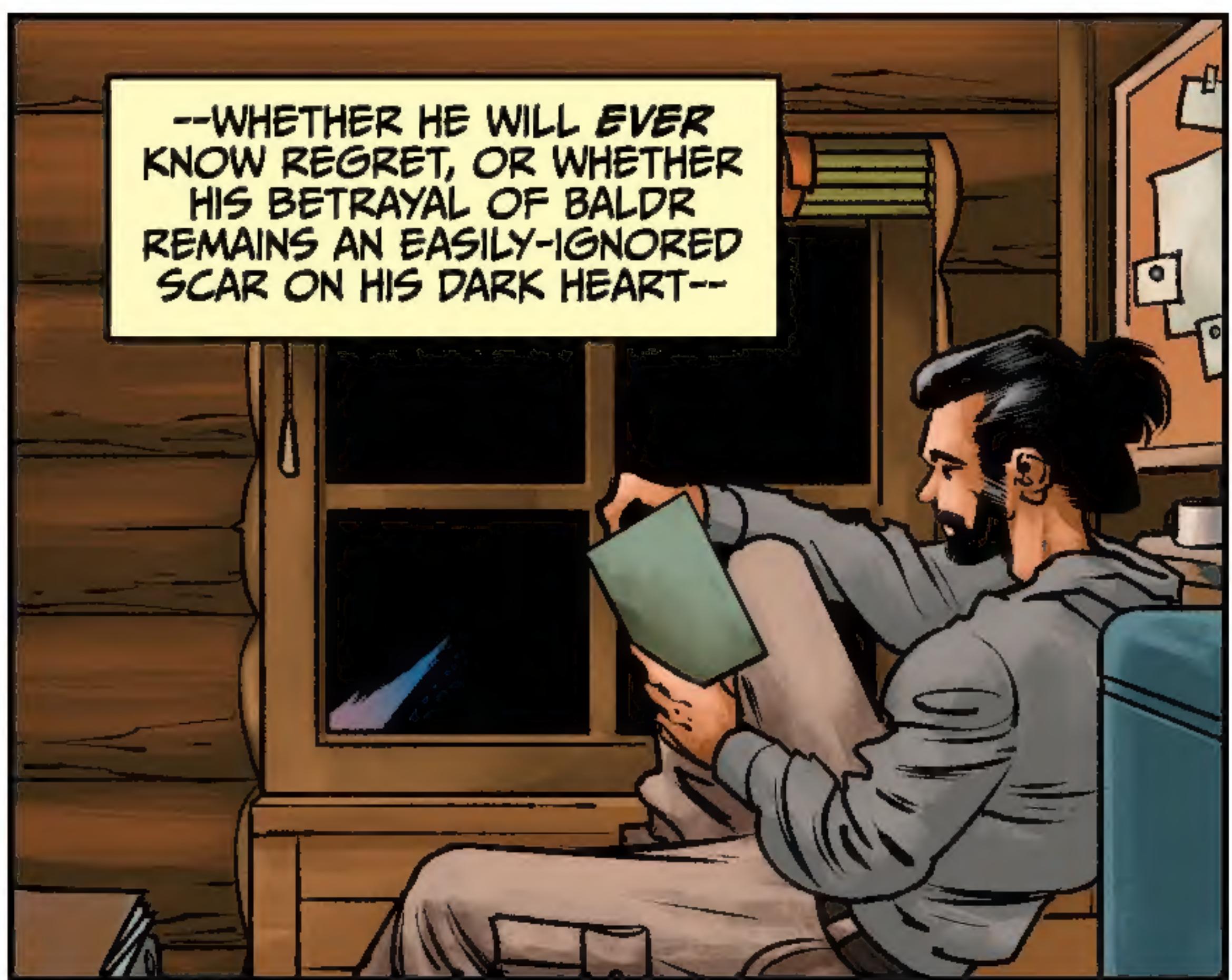
ONLY A FEW ASPECTS  
WERE UNVARYING:  
THE LOVE OF HAVI. THE  
DEADLY MISTLE-BERRY.  
THE INNOCENCE OF BALDR.

OVER THE YEARS  
HE WOULD TELL  
IT MANY TIMES, IN  
DIFFERENT PLACES.

AND FROM LOKI'S  
LIPS, THE STORIES  
WOULD SPREAD.

--MY BROTHER,  
HE GUARDS THE  
CELLS, AND I TELL  
YOU LOKI IS BEHIND  
EVERYTHING!







SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...  
THIS MONSTER!"

